

SEE THIS CUT?

the multiplex sock. You had better write and say that you have chanced your mind. What's that letter you've got there?"

"It's his. It's the letter. I can't bear to let it go out of my hands."

"The address on the envelope," I said, "is not in Wysloup's writing."

"Well, it's the same as the writing in the inside, and the same as the acceptance he wrote to our invitations. I wish we hadn't destroyed them."

I went to a drawer and pulled out a sheet of note-paper.

"There," I said. "I saw Wysloup write and sign that. Compare it with the letter. I have known Wysloup's handwriting for years."

"It took me time to convince her, but I did it. She became slightly illogical. I told her that Wysloup ought to be ashamed of himself, and that it obviously was not he who had played her the trick, and that I was much to blame for introducing him to her—which, by the way, I never did. She also said that it would kill her, but it didn't."

This is the reply that she received to her acceptance, in Wysloup's own handwriting:

"Dear Miss Harding: I gather from your letter that some person has been writing to you a proposal in my name, and that you have been a victim of a vulgar, pettish joke. I must thank you for the very warm and flattering expressions that you used about me, and I am indeed sorry that I cannot plead a right to them. But I shall hope to be always a brother to you."

"It means," my knowledge a few months ago that I had adopted my name with yours in a very unjustified way, I shall, therefore, retain your letter as a hostage. As long as you refrain from taking such liberties in the future no one will see that letter but myself. Again apologizing for my inability to be to you all that you would wish, I remain, yours respectfully,

"ALGERNON WYSLLOUP."

Elisa spent a vast amount of tears, and torn handkerchiefs over this letter.

"How dare a man say that he will be my brother!" she exclaimed. Then she once more referred to the probability of her immediate decease.

Wysloup left England a few days afterwards, and she was so sure that he had got to write the letters for him. For all we knew, he may have disguised his own handwriting.

When Elisa married Sir Peter a year afterwards Wysloup sent her as a wedding present a book, containing, with her acceptance, dated inside it: "He once more showed the relics of a conscience."

A few weeks afterwards I caught Elisa speaking of Wysloup to a dear friend.

"Yes," said Elisa sweetly, "there was something between us, but it could never be. He left England, you know, directly afterwards. I do hope that his letter is quite true."

So Elisa struck the last blow. But she was never hampered even by the relics of a conscience.—The London Sketch.